

pected the entry of a worshipper, and the door had moved just as though a hand were behind it. But there was nothing but a Draught, after all, and he presently went on with the reading.

During the service, however, his attention was drawn again and again to the door. At intervals it opened slowly and silently; and each time the impression grew upon him that it was moved by an invisible hand. It seemed to him, also, that at each opening a cold breath floated in, and moved across the empty pews in the vicinity. The chilly congregation did not observe it, but there it certainly was.

After the service was over, he went straight to that door. Then he saw that it was a door that did not fit—that it had never been made to fit.

'This door is a bad one!' he said, with decision.

'Yes,' agreed one of the hard farmers. 'It always was. It was made by a bad workman and a bad lot—old Smith.'

'Ho!' said the pastor. 'I see. But it causes a Draught.'

'Does it?' said the farmer.

There was a pause. Then the minister said that a Draught was a very unpleasant thing; and the Deacon, who was also church secretary, smiled, and said that after all it was only a trifle. People were a good deal too tender in these days. Then the Deacon who was church treasurer said it would cost a lot to get a new door, and it was certainly not worth while now to tinker with the old one. Later on, perhaps,—And then they all went home to dinner.

The pastor did the same, but he did not leave the matter there. Somehow he could not. He had asked for something to do, and in the same moment this had offered itself. It was not the kind of thing he had thought of, but it was something tangible; and 'Do the next thing' was one of his simple mottoes. Then there was the impression he had received at the opening of the door—the invisible hand, the puff of a chilly breath in the little chapel. This last was a singularly strong argument to one whose quiet eye sometimes saw visions.

It was thus that the thing came to pass. During the evening service he made the same observations with regard to the Draught, and his curious fancy was only strengthened. On the Monday he obtained the keys, and went to a carpenter who had the name of being a good man and a good workman. He took this man to Mount Hermon, and they viewed the mysterious door together. It was too far gone, the tradesman agreed, to be tinkered with; the church treasurer had been right there. But he could make a new door. It would cost about—

The pastor hesitated then. It was more than the amount of his salary for a week. But now the idea of battle was upon him, and he did not hesitate long. He gave the commission and it was taken.

The door was to be ready in ten days. On the next Sunday he stood in his pulpit again, and once more saw the silent door open and close, once more felt the passing of a chilly breath. But he could smile at it now, in the manner of one who had accepted a challenge, and would strike in his own good time. On the Thursday, prompt to the engagement, he went to see his carpenter.

The good workman was ready. The door had been finished and painted, and was fit for hanging. The pastor touched it approvingly.

'You're sure this will keep him out?' he said, in a somewhat absent manner.

'Him, sir?' asked the carpenter.

'I mean the Draught,' said Mr. Barnes.

'Oh, yes, sir. It will fit like a glove, I'll warrant you. I'm going to hang it as soon as I can get someone to carry it up with me.'

Then the pastor, so to speak, took off his coat to the battle. 'Let me help you,' he said, suddenly, 'and come now!'

The carpenter demurred, but his customer was firm; so presently the village saw the spectacle of the workman and the minister carrying a newly-painted door through the staring streets. Yet they fancied that the little man looked triumphant rather than ashamed. The carpenter's boy followed with his father's tools. Other people followed also—idlers and children; so that when the door came to be hung there was quite a little frizze of witnesses.

Hung it was, and it truly fitted like a glove. When it was closed it was closed, and only a human hand could open it. Mr. Barnes tested it again and again.

'Yes,' he said, thoughtfully; 'I think this will settle him.' And as they went away the carpenter wondered why his customer should persistently speak of Draught as 'him.' Perhaps it was the custom in Mr. Barnes' country!

(To be continued.)

Christ's Dominion.

From sea to sea
Shall his dominion be,
According to the promise written;
And he, in scorn and insult smitten,
Shall hear the welcome salutations
Of long-oppressed and weary nations;
And he shall rule,
Star crowned and beautiful.

He shall come down,
As on the grass new mown
The rain descendeth from the spaces,
Renewing all earth's tribes and races
With his sweet life of love and beauty,
Through faith in him and deeds of duty;
And thus shall he
Hold sway from sea to sea.

And he shall live;
And men to him shall give
Their treasures as they tell the story
Of his renown and rising glory;
And it shall be a rich oblation
To him, the lord of our salvation,
Who from his pain
Went up henceforth to reign.

He shall not fail;
His kingdom shall prevail;
His armies come with royal banners,
Oppressions die 'mid their hosannas:
His chariot is onward speeding,
The cry of all his poor ones heeding.
Great Prince, ride on
Till thou all lands hast won!
—Dwight Williams.

Brevities Worth Attention.

God often says 'wait,' but He never says 'worry.'

A prayerless day is a perilous day.

Employers should pay as they pray.

An ounce of good conduct is worth a ton of emotion.

If you can't be a sun in the church, don't be a cloud.

The Master's work may make weary feet, but it leaves the spirit glad.

A busybody is one who fools away time, and goes about stealing somebody else's.

If you cannot have the best, make the best of what you have.

Don't be discouraged; it is often the last key on the bunch that opens the lock.

Frequently the first to shout war, are the last to enlist.

'There is not a thought in a hogshead of beer. Nothing of merit was ever written under the inspiration of beer. It stupefies, and its effect on the brain is to stagnate thought.'

The Victorian India Orphan Society.

[For the 'Northern Messenger.'

Our latest reports received from India tell of the deep spiritual work of the revival spoken of in our last article still being continued at the Orphanage; special daily meetings for prayer and praise principally, were still being held, in which the interest, great as it had been, seemed to be deepening, and as it aroused the attention of the heathen around they were beginning to make enquiries and to take more interest in the missionaries' work. Definite results are already visible in the changed lives of many of the children, and the missionaries hope and trust that this is only the firstfruits of the harvest to follow.

One poor girl who was tempted to run away from the Orphanage last year, and though diligently sought for, could not be found, has recently returned of her own accord deeply repentant, and asked to be taken in again.

About 100 children are now being cared for,

but there are others, helpless, neglected, homeless mites whom the missionaries long to be able to rescue. \$18 a year pays for the entire support of a child, including the membership of the Society (\$1 a year). Surely some leaders would like to help in this work for the Master which, during the nine years of its existence, has accomplished so much, and is just now receiving a very special blessing from our Father. Already Christian homes are beginning to spring up, the result of the loving Christian training given to the famine waifs in the Orphanage, and soon we trust qualified Christian workers will be leaving its sheltering walls. 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me.' Information regarding this work can be obtained from the Sec.-Treasurer, Mrs. Crichton, 142 Langside St., Winnipeg.

To believe that what is truest in you is true for all; to abide by that, certain that, while you stand firm, the world will come round to you—that is independence. It is not difficult to get away into retirement, and there live upon your own convictions; nor is it difficult to mix with men, and follow their convictions. But to enter into the world, and there live firmly and fearlessly according to your own conscience—that is Christian greatness.—F. W. Robertson.

A Social Five Minutes.

A successful class in a small New England church is made up of some dozen or fifteen women. The teacher is not a brilliant woman nor one of unusually winning personality. The first five minutes of the lesson hour are devoted to introducing any stranger and inquiring after absent or sick members; a little fund is maintained for flowers and fruits for the latter. Then when the lesson proper begins all formality has disappeared, and the give and take of ideas makes the hour stimulating and suggestive to an unusual degree. The stranger within the gates feels at home and comes again.—The 'Pilgrim Teacher.'

The Welding Process.

It will be a work of time at the best to unify the heterogeneous elements that now make up the population of our Great West. That is, however, all the more reason why every possible means should be used, and used at once, to foster the growth of a spirit of patriotism, of a proper national pride and devotion to the welfare of our Dominion.

Perhaps no other measure has contributed so much to the absorption of the various classes of settlers in the United States than the definite introduction of such effort into the public schools of the country. It is not merely that the rising generation is taken at its most impressionable age, but the school, forming, as it does, a most important centre in new communities, sends its influences out into the homes, and thus affects the members of the household who are beyond school age.

We, in Canada, are only beginning work along this line. It should be the aim of every trustee and of every teacher, to see that national holidays are not allowed to pass unnoticed at the schools, and to make their observation as enthusiastic as circumstances permit. Particularly should every effort be made to supply each school with a good flag, and means for hoisting it on appropriate occasions. Much, too, can undoubtedly be done by encouraging the display of the Maple Leaf, our national emblem, whether it be the school-room decorations, or in the form that appeals so readily to the juvenile mind, that of pins and badges. These things may seem in themselves small matters, but it is beyond question that such measures as these, unceasingly fostered, will work wonders in helping forward the day when the people of our Dominion, however they may cherish the thought of the Fatherland whence they have come, will be proud to say from the heart, 'We are Canadians.'

To assist every patriotic effort of this kind we have arranged to place fine quality Maple Leaf Brooches and stick pins, and also good bunting flags, within the reach of every one. Do not fail to read our advertisement about these and to act promptly.